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OUR COLLEGE-HOME.

HIGH up o'erlooking green surrounding
lands,
With heaven-piercing domes and peeping
towers
That proudly gaze through foliaged trees
and flowers,
Our well-beloved St. Joseph's College
stands.
Like forest-towering oak, king that com-
mands
Attention seasons through, this home of
ours,
With Cross and Flag o'erhead, elicits show-
ers
Of praise and admiration, while student-
bands,
That loiter 'round its groves so picturesque,
Or daily pass through corridors grotesque,
In striving after lore and boundless learning,
Or arts, or sciences, or useful knowledge
A special tie—the fruit of their hard earn-
ing,
Most closely links them to St. Joseph's
College.
Within the walls of that majestic pile,
The nurtured light of education beams,
Resplendent rays effusing, as it seems,
To illumine education's crowded aisle.
There sweetest unction poured from learn-
ing's vial,

Bedews and fructifies like flooding streams,
Refines, yea more, invites poetic dreams,
With classic lore increasing all the while.
The loving 'Sanctum' meets our friendly
gaze

Where Christ effused His grace in many
ways.
And now vacation calls us from this home
To spend a time of rest from books and
knowledge;
From our retreat we'll see the rising dome,
Awak'ning memories of St. Joseph's
College.

JAS. B. FITZPATRICK.

PALMS.

A Sketch of the Book.

THE groundwork of this narration, or
Christian novel, is the life of the an-
cient Romans and the cruel persecution un-
der Valerian. Its author, Mrs. Dorsey, is
best known by her literary merit, her works
possessing those charming qualities of clear
thought and smooth, easy description, while
an air of truth and virtue impregnates her
works, which are mostly historical, making
them instructive and fascinating and capable
of holding the reader to the end.

In the person of Nemesius we note the
typical Roman of those days, except perhaps
possessing a more upright character than

was customary in a Roman, and detesting the vile passions of the Emperor and those with whom he was obliged to associate: yet he was zealous for Rome, faithful to the gods, opiniative in his convictions, and abhorred Christianity as only a pagan might.

Very soon after the death of his wife, who died at the birth of Claudia, Nemesius left Rome refusing to see his babe regarding her as the murderer of his wife and so Claudia was left almost an orphan. The faithful slave who had been the nurse of Nemesius' wife took charge of the little Claudia and supplied the place of her mother. During her father's absence, Claudia who was born blind grew to be exceptionally beautiful and the nurse instilled in her heart a longing love for her absent father. Nemesius, when he returned to Rome after about five years, resolved to pay a hasty visit to his villa, avoiding the sight of his child, if she still lived, and then resume his duties in the East as general of the army. But the nurse discovered him and persuaded him to see his only child. Being overcome with sorrow when he saw her beauty, her misfortune, and the love she bore for him, he resolved to remain and live at the villa with her.

She was so carefully guarded by her nurse that she never learned she was bereft of the most marvellous of senses, until by some mischance a lady of Valerian's retinue, named Laodice, who was endeavoring to win the affections of Nemesius, happened to be speaking of Claudia's blindness and was overheard by her. From that time she grew timid and fretful and nothing seemed able to make her happy, even the learned Fabian, in whose company she had before been so contented, and whose ready wit never failed to delight her, was unable to break the gloom that had come over her. He procured for her the most rare and costly toys and left nothing undone by which she might regain her old ways; he even went to the East and brought a renowned Jewish physician, thinking that perchance his magic art could supply the lacking ray that would render her

bright, wide-open, though sightless eyes a blessing instead of a curse to her. Nemesius never ceased his anxiety about her or his efforts to propitiate the gods in her behalf.

When Fabian, whose philosophy led him higher than blind Paganism, having obtained at Jerusalem the history of the promised Messiah, informed Nemesius of his views on Christianity, being partially convinced himself, Nemesius seemed obstinate to conviction and deaf to all argument. But after all pagan means failed to give sight to his child and knowing the power which the Christians ascribed to their God through the intercession of holy souls, he resolved to interview the Holy Pontiff, Stephen, and purchase the restoration of his child's sight. He had no thought, as yet, of becoming a Christian. Having obtained the desired interview, and learning that the Christian God would cure her through Stephen, but that the Pope would accept no compensation and being awed by the sanctity of the holy man, his soul was touched by Divine Grace, and he resolved to become a Christian if his daughter's happiness would be completed. His conversion dates from this time, for the next morning Stephen opened Claudia's eyes and the grateful Roman desiring baptism received the sacrament a few days later.

Upon returning to his villa, Nemesius discovered that most of his slaves were secret Christians, and for the next few days they were busy destroying the statues of the Roman deities, while he replaced them with the images of Christ and his saints.

Nemesius as a Christian contrasted deeply with the Pagan Nemesius. He was no more the detective hunting down the persecuted sect, but was now persecuted himself; he knelt at the same altar in the catacombs with them, divided his means among their poor, gave them a refuge at his villa, freed all his slaves and assisted in burying the bodies of the martyrs as Valerian sped their souls to Heaven.

In the meantime, Laodice tried to captivate Nemesius by attempting to poison

Claudia. She presented to the child a large ruby containing a deadly poison, which when worn around the neck for some time would take effect gradually, but even this vile scheme failed, for Claudia's nurse would not permit her to wear it on account of its great value and because she had superstitious fear of wearing rubies. Finding herself repulsed on every side, Laodice's love was turned to hatred which inspired most cruel revenge. Hearing of Claudia's wonderful cure and noting that since then Nemesis was seldom seen at the imperial residence or the games, she reasoned that he might be a secret Christian. She laid her plans to ascertain the truth, and one of her slaves, an old apostate, executed them. He traced Nemesis to the catacombs, saw him administering to the poor at his villa and collected enough information to satisfy Laodice that now if ever was her time for retaliation.

She hastened before the Emperor, condemned Nemesis, and a warrant was immediately issued for his arrest, but the catacombs offering a safe retreat, he was not captured until one evening, while returning from some charitable work, he was recognized on the street and arrested. While Nemesis was yet concealed in the catacombs, Valerian seized Claudia and placed her in one of the most vile haunts of Rome, hoping thereby to draw her father from his shelter or ruin the innocence of his child.

As Nemesis would not renounce his faith when brought before the tyrant by casting even a grain of incense into the brazier of Valerian's favorite god, he was condemned to be tortured through Claudia. She was to be beheaded before his eyes unless he would sacrifice to the gods, and if he still persisted, he too should meet her fate. They were taken to the temple of Mars, where Nemesis himself bound a handkerchief about the eyes of his only beautiful daughter and bade her repeat the holy names of Jesus and Mary and, as he laid her head upon the block, he brushed back her long silky hair that the blow might be more sure; thus holding her

soft dimpled hand in his, he awaited the stroke, enduring in that position all the pangs of martyrdom with the firmness of a Christian martyr. The executioner unnerved at the sight, hesitated, but the hoarse command of Valerian recalled him, and the same ax that severed the beautiful now thrice beautified head of Claudia an instant later reunited father and child in blissful eternity.

Fabian and Claudia's nurse were converted to Christianity some time after. Laodice, while escaping from Rome with her apostate slave and as much of her riches as she could take with her, was stabbed in the heart by him, and he, having accidentally wandered into the catacombs, after many fruitless attempts to find his way out gave way to despair, and the same steel, which ended the life of Laodice was plunged into his own, heart and thus the story ends, leaving the noble characters of Nemesis and his heroic daughter Claudia, as Christians, as also the cruelty of the persecutions and their instigator, Valerian Emperor, and the gory condition of Rome at that time faithfully depicted, in the mind of the reader.

E. T. MUG.

THE SCENERY OF THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

"Gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek and bay,
And islands that empurpled bright
Floated amid the livelier light
And mountains that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land!"

In the central part of Scotland lies Loch Katrine. The country skirting the shores of this romantic lake, once the retreat of knights and individuals fleeing the turmoil and strife occasioned by highland feuds and dissensions, has been drawn from the obscurity which previously enveloped it, and famed to

the world as the scene of Scott's "Lady of the Lake." This poem, anent its other powers particularly, revealed the lovely scenery which lay enclasped and unknown in the Scottish highlands and showed vividly the "rich Parnassian dews" that hovered about the rude and simple life of Scotland's clans. Nature has smiled favorably on that country. Traversed by mountains and hills which are aptly associated with the highlanders in the absorbing tales ingeniously drawn into "Waverly" by "the Wizard of the North," its glens and vales, bogs and brakes lend a picturesque effect to a country so long sundered by the division of her people and harrowed by the troubles that usually form the chief theme of border minstrelsy and song.

Robert Burns sang beautifully of his "dear Scotia loved at home, revered abroad." He exhibited the rich poetic formation of which the Lowland dialect was capable, but he permitted the world to remain in utter ignorance of the romantic traditions and varied scenery which, even to-day, is the pride and enviable possession of his native country. The Sage of Chelsea, Carlyle, is held aloft by admiring countrymen, but he was by nature a German and a German tinge is perceivable in all his writings. In short, Ireland possesses a galaxy of learned men worthy to divide laurels with the savants and distinguished literateurs of other nations, and among these Scott stands forth prominently on account of his creative talent and fertile imagination, but principally because he used these accomplishments to turn the current of public attention towards the land of his birth, at the same time making known the rich scenic treasure referred to in the *Lady of the Lake*.

It is not expansive sheets of water troubled by gusts of wind and eluding the eye in the perspective that delight the curious or satisfy those whose taste has been disciplined by an examination of diversified scenes, but the placid and serene lake whose banks it is possible to view without strain; whose surroundings are enhanced by a variety of

nature's charms; whose high and slanting banks entitle them to re-echo the noise of the dipping bough or detached pebble. Such is Loch Katrine flanked by the mountain Benvenue—the scene into which Sir Walter has infused his imaginative creations and rendered it an engrossing picture.

But the inherent value of the poem lies in the adaptation of the characters to the scene and is mainly owing to the masterly manner by which he has attached to it traditions extracted from the clannish method of living, which in a certain degree parallels the pursuance of a life under the feudal system. The feudal lord held sway over the less powerful who had gathered about his manor, insuring them protection but relying upon their assistance to maintain his prestige when occasion demanded. The chief of the clan, ensconced in mountain fastnesses, was acknowledged by the highlanders, and his council was sought in order to obviate the difficulties attendant upon their singular mode of living; benefits and friendly relations were reciprocated between members of the same clan, but almost invariably a constant aversion was exercised towards others. Thus the genius of the author is apparent, considering that he has subordinated such an uncouth and harsh life to his purpose in writing his fairest and loveliest creation. Even in the poem war plays a significant part, but the grim features that especially grate upon our feelings when introduced with things of a softer hue have been ingeniously mellowed or extracted. War has its models; peace her ideals. The warrior pranked out in military glory and intent upon showing his might and prowess of arms cannot be aptly brought face to face with a person peaceful and mild of disposition, representing the gentler part of our nature. A gulf yawns between. In order to annihilate this distance and diversity of character, in order to effect a comparison, both parties exercising their different qualities, so as to avoid a contrast, genius otherwise than mediocre, is necessary.

It may be averred that silent nature requites our curiosity—silent nature as revealed to us in the expansive field terminating in a mighty forest whose trees, fantastically arranged, admit of a variety of views, the sun emblazoning everything and enhancing the scene by his splendor; or when at eve the clouds peeping through the branches of the trees, form a delightful background we take up our situation in the vicinity where the rippling and splashing noise of the brook is audible as it dashes its water along or where we can view it as it moves majestically with hardly a perceptible motion; or any of those Elysian scenes which able writers have pictured but minus life and tradition of previous action—and I deny that they equal the scene connected with traditions and mingled with living characters acting in conformity to our preconceived ideas concerning their motives and doings, for the mind is wont to infuse life even “where mountain river, forest, field, and grove” are enveloped by solitude. Many long for solitude to dissipate unmolested the troubles that weigh upon their mind and for other purposes; but he whose mind is free and untrammelled and seeks only pleasure desires more than silent nature—he desires that life be coupled with the scene or at least something that will serve to excite thought besides its natural beauty. If they are wanting, his imagination supplies those of its own creation. And who could have endowed Loch Katrine with the renown that has since attended it in an abler manner than Scott?

Hence we cannot attribute the success of the poem to the mere scenery which it describes. Bunker Hill, sanctified by the blood of patriots, affords pleasure to a person conversant with his country's history and who is able to imagine again the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms bared freely and fearlessly in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death: but Bunker Hill

shorn and despoiled of these associations would fail to be a receptacle of attraction. Thus it is with Loch Katrine. Of the numberless visitors who seek the romantic scene with avidity, it cannot be doubted that the majority recall the Knight of Snoudoun, James Fitz James decoyed by the lone stag into the country lying about Loch Katrine and then follow him through his train of thought until he concludes—

“Some mossy bank my couch must be,
Some rustling oak my canopy.”

His subsequent meeting with Ellen, she being abashed and dismayed by the sudden and unexpected appearance of a stranger instead of her father, her lending credence to his story, her invitation to James to visit her island home, his acceptance, his meeting of Douglas, Ellens father, are graphically portrayed. The reader is then launched into war and acquainted with the troublesome relations that usually accompany it, especially during the short intervals of peace that generally elapse, as it were, by mutual consent of the parties concerned. The leading events that gradually form and reveal the plot need not be detailed, as everyone who seeks literary recreation without being encumbered by a mere display of learning irrelevant to the subject, must find delight in perusing the *Lady of the Lake*. The feelings of a reader who has passed the stage of amusing and frivolous reading, are perhaps not alien to those of the poet Aubrey de Vere when reading Wordsworth's “*Laodamia* :” “Some strong hand seemed to have been laid upon my head and bound me to the spot until I had come to the end. The region was one to me unknown, but the harmony of the picture attested its reality”. The personages and scenes of the poem are remembered and brought to life by the visitor of Loch Katrine and by multitudes of delighted readers, which fact goes to show that the creations of Sir Walter will ever be admired apart from the entrancing scenery, for the pleasures of the imagination are more highly esteemed than those received by mere visual gratification.

T. M. CONROY.

CAPTURING TURTLES.

AMONG the various enticements at Collegeville so ready to claim the students' leisure, the Iroquois river is not among the least; the picturesque surroundings will readily induce one to believe that Dame Nature has there taken up her abode. The many sturdy oaks so firmly stationed on the banks of this river; the stately hickories laden with their respective fruit and kindly disposing of it at will to the fox squirrel, chipmunk, and gofer; the numerous brambles teeming with blackberries, crabapples and hazelnuts; the grassy glades meandering through the umbrian forests are all objects of the most attractive nature. Aware of the above facts we are not surprised to behold the sportive students squatted on the bank of this river and quietly indulging in the act of fishing or other amusements as leisure may suggest.

It seems queer that such a beautiful place should be abandoned for the much inferior slough formed by a branch of the river, but the sequel will explain the reason.

Usually at this time of the year the slough becomes very shallow, the result of which exposes its numerous turtles to an easy capture. The pursuit of these large quadrupeds is what draws the students thither. But to attack these cool-blooded foes in their own territory requires more than ordinary heroism: Billy the Sober, accompanied by his brave band, are the only ones that possess courage enough to make an attack upon the rebellious turtle.

Billy is a man of the most pleasant disposition and ever ready to lend his skill, so much needed in the turtle hunt. Just the mention of turtle is sufficient to excite in him his amphibious spirit and we immediately behold him, equipped with the necessary implements, and followed by the photographer, editor, and marshal, wending his way towards the slough with such speed as if pursued by a myriad of hobgoblins.

In spite of all impediments offered, they

manage to reach their destination, where they are finally confronted by their arduous task.

It is now that the skill of our hero is called into play. Formal preparations, however, are required. The first essential is to dispense with shoes and stockings; after which, besides his faithful cudgel, a pitchfork is rendered serviceable; thus prepared we soon see him in the muck, fathoming the deep in quest of turtle.

If after a diligent search he detects his game, the cudgel offers its service in discovering the defensive portion of the fugitive. This known, Billy makes a dive for him and, if successful in the attempt, draws the turtle to shore where his less heroic comrades down him to the confines of a sack and thus the process is repeated until the sack has attained its required weight.

Generally four to five hours elapse during this interval and were it not for the claims of the stomach, our good sportsmen would probably avail themselves of the night too, in order to continue their pursuit, but moved by charity they finally retreat, to appease the cravings of the untimely disturber.

Billy, so active before, has now excused himself of all farther labor, he entrusts the turtles to the care of his companions, who, aware of their value, adopt the best offered means to convey them to the place of execution.

Though Billy is no more so active, he has nevertheless not been transformed into a sycamore stump, inertia is still remote and we now see him hobbling in the rear of the booty quietly anticipating the good results of his labors.

Having surmounted all the obstacles in connection with their exploit and having finally reached their destination, they leave the turtles in care of the cruel executioners only to meet them again on the distant shore of the soup bowl.

The work of execution is generally performed by Veit, the butcher boss, a man

possessed of the required skill, though somewhat slow.

Veit having complied with the necessary requirements preceeding the culinary operations, the turtle enters upon its final journey, sailing northward to the table lands of the refectory where a multitude of happy students await its arrival.

A. J. SEIMETZ.

TWICE TOLD STORIES.

One of our genial senior students of the central dormitory recently undertook to ask every student where and how he would spend his vacation months, with the intention of culling something from everyone and thus make the most of the sunny time himself. From the Major he received a cordial invitation to spend a few days with him on the rustic seats of his rural home, giving him to understand, however, that he could associate with him only from 4 to 5 o'clock A. M. and 6 to 9 P. M., as the intervening hours would be utilized in the various occupations of agriculture, such as plowing hay, raking potatoes, and picking wheat. But the Major had to console his friend with the idea of buttermilk and cider before he could prevail upon him to accept the invitation.

Uncle Joe next told our inquisitive friend that he has engaged himself with the Western Book Co. of Chicago and intends pushing his trade far into the wilds of the west. Joe says he will stay some time at "Cedar Lake", where he will read in Shakspearian style passages from his world-renowned book, "The Adventures of Eve's Mother-in-law."

Our sport-seeking friend now interviewed Poet Dennis, of whom he expected to obtain the most desirable results, but the octogenarian muse informed him that he had been advised by his physician to exercise more his physical powers and return during vacation to his old trade of baking dough-nuts. Turning around our adventurer espied "Young Black Joe" sitting in

the sand, who eagerly jumped up upon being called and said that he had already collected a considerable number of toys and expects a notable addition when he arrives under his paternal roof. Part of his time will be spent at the Kindergarten. The aid-de-camp now appeared on the scene, where a considerable group had already assembled around our hero, and told the crowd that he would give his father a vacation and averred that he could handle the hoe and rake with as much skill and determination as the gun and sword and that the market of Peru would not suffer any consequence either from the transactions between him and his father. The sturdy soldier was interrupted by cries of bravo! from the bystanders. "Skinny" and "Bumppy" did not give our "gaity man" a chance to accost them, but glibly told him of their intention to turn their French to practical account on the Wabash line interpreting the bill of fare and they assured him that he would receive the strictest attention at their hands. "Brinky" now hobbled up on his stick and told the boys in his usual sober manner that he will attend the Teacher's Institute during summer and then make application for a certificate to use his cudgel with better advantage in the school room.

Simon, the clarinet blower, whose stentorian voice oftentimes excited the faithful worshipers in the chapel, and who was seen at this moment standing on his usual territory near the power house, vociferated over to the crowd something like having received an offer from a noted cattle buyer of Rensselaer to auctioneer at his public sales. Our hero now called for his best friend, brother M., but one of the boys said he was in the grand-stand devising a turntable to be used on the third base next year, to supply his deficiency in getting a move on himself. At this stage the boys all began to sing there comes "Mr. O'Reilly they spake of so highly" when the prefect rang the bell to come to the studyhall.

Since then it has been learned that "our friend" will go to Chicago to deliver lectures to the "Sporting Men's Club" of the city.

THE SECRETARY.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN.

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June, 1895.

EDITORIAL.

By the time this number of THE COLLEGIAN reaches the homes of the students the boys will be indulging in the enjoyment of that time which in anticipation they have weeks previously dressed out in many pleasing colors. This span of time though it will glide ruthlessly away, letting fall its burden of transient joy, as the rain cloud passing overhead, we will nevertheless return to college just as we entered upon vacation, it is to be hoped, "a happier and a better man." THE COLLEGIAN extends to all the boys its wish for a happy vacation.

After high mass on the previous Sunday before the close of school, the Rev. Father Rector delivered an impressive sermon to the students, reflecting on the past and bearing on the future. His well chosen and instructive remarks deserve to be recalled by all the students, just as they were received by them with a deep sense of personal interest and gratitude. Father Rector also expressed his gratification at the marked success which attended the great majority of the students during the past scholastic year.

Vary as we may in spirit, in place, and in occupation, in one thing we never change:

in our personality and that which depends upon it, our individual responsibility, we are ever the same. We ought to bear in mind that as it was the constant aim and endeavor of our teachers to mould our individuality and make it pleasing in the sight of God and man, the great obligations is now incumbent on us to guard that we might not lose any of the attainments already accomplished, but continue the ennobling work ourselves. Education begins the gentleman, but wholesome reading, good company, and honest reflection finish him.

With this number THE COLLEGIAN concludes its first year. The enterprise which was heartily encouraged by the Faculty and vigorously pursued by the students has met with success and good results. We therefore sincerely trust that since its first appearance in November, THE COLLEGIAN has accomplished its noble aims as outlined in the prospectus of the first issue, notwithstanding its many shortcomings that will withal appear very excusable in its infancy. The encouraging compliments which we have received from some of our ablest exchanges confirm us in our opinion. THE COLLEGIAN has been greeted and supported by many friends and patrons and we gladly avail ourselves of this occasion to thank them for lending willing aid to the noble work and we desire to extend our special gratitude to the business men of Rensselaer and "The City," as well as to those abroad, for their valued assistance. We would at the same time solicit the parents of every student of St. Joseph's to subscribe for THE COLLEGIAN, which must be one of the most interesting papers that reaches their home, if they have the welfare and the education of their sons at heart.

The present name of the paper, St. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN, will probably be changed next year into "The Hive," as there already exists a college journal with the title "St. Joseph's Collegian." A complete editorial staff will also be established whose ambition

it will be to raise "The Hive," or whatever name may be chosen for the paper, to a high literary standard.

The Faculty as well as the students of St. Joseph's may contemplate the past scholastic year, the fourth in the existence of the College, with much satisfaction. The College has received not only a notable increase of students but also of professors and improvements were made in every department. It is therefore evident that St. Joseph's is steadily progressing and prospering and gradually moving into the ranks of our foremost colleges. Next year the College will present its first graduating class in the classical course and the first regular commencement exercises will be appropriately observed. This year a diploma was awarded to E. T. Mug of Lafayette, who showed the required competency in all the branches of the commercial department. The scholastic year was closed merely by a public examination in presence of his Lordship, Bishop Rademacher and several visiting clergy. After the examinations, which proved to be highly satisfactory, prizes consisting of handome and valuable books, were awarded to the students who where on the Roll of Honor for the entire year. A few appropriate remarks by the Rector and the diocesan Bishop closed the exercises of this year.

Father Nageleisen's Book.

A SHORT time ago Father John placed his book entitled "Charity for the Suffering Souls" on the table of our Columbian reading room.

In a charming preface to this precious work Father John acknowledges his indebtedness in its preparation to the writings of the Holy Fathers from whose works he has freely borrowed whatever there is of value in his volume. We are glad to join in any compliment to the writers on this subject; but Father Johu must not be permitted thus

to evade the merit of having produced one of the most complete, most unctuous, and most learned treatises on the Suffering Souls in Purgatory thas has ever come to the notice of the public.

The first chapter begins with "The Existence of Purgatory". The unanimous concurrence of all nations in the belief in Purgatory and all facts that go to prove the existence of a Purgatory are embraced under this title. "The Condition of the Suffering Souls in Purgatory" constitutes the second chapter. In this part the author deals with the location of the place of suffering and the duration of all pains of the departed souls. In the remaining five chapters he meditates at length on the ways and means of relieving these suffering souls.

Thus briefly stated, the plan of Father John's work will appear extremely interesting and in turning over the five hundred and seventy eight octavo pages it comprises the reader will never tire, but always be filled with a sense of its magnitude. No one to whom the suffering souls have been a long and loving study will omit to read this volume; the fervent spirit that breathes in every line points out not only the best means of helping the suffering souls, but serves also as a safe and inspiring guide to a religious life.

We may be permitted in these pages to refer to the words of Bishop Rademacher who said in a letter to Father John, "Indeed this book deserves to be recommended most strongly to our Catholic people. It explains the doctrine of Purgatory in an interesting and popular manner, the instructions being based throughout on the teaching of the Church and the declarations of our ablest theologians. The chapter treating on the "Means of Helping the Poor Souls" is especially practical."

The volume is handsome as well as learned and devout and the beautiful frontispiece adds much to its interest and value.

The German work entitled "Der Rettungs Anker" is the counterpart of this volume written by the same author.

C. DANIELS.

MEMORIAL ODE.

Adorn each honored soldier's grave,
 Give him the season's choicest flowers,
 He caused the nation's flag to wave,
 And crushed forever slavery's powers.
 Far back in years of '60
 The Civil War occurred.
 Our country called for soldiers,
 And thousands pledged their word.
 Each quickly answered duty's call.
 Resolved to save this land from fall.
 Farewell to wives and mothers!
 The parting hour had come.
 Spake anguished hearts near chocked
 with sobs:
 "Depart dear fathers, brothers,
 Obey that muffling drum.
 Be brave, fight while a heart still throbs,
 For now this nation must be saved, her
 laws obeyd!"
 They soft reply:
 "Though we should die,
 We march straight forward to the field.
 We're richly paid
 If Liberty's secured,
 The Union's peace insured.
 Our lives we freely give
 If Freedom only live."
 Their blood of purest crimson hue
 Gave Freedom strength like morning dew.
 Not hope of earthly fame
 Caused them to leave dear ones;
 They saw foes kill or maim
 Their fathers, friends, or sons.
 Oh! where a sadder sight? see gallant
 heroes fall,
 The bleeding victims of a deadly musket
 ball;
 Oh! hear the cannon roar!
 One step—death's awful door!
 Four years they calmly braved this storm,
 Each day its battles grew more warm.
 Our country they'd defend,
 Its banner proudly wave;
 And whether foe or friend,
 He should not be a slave.

This oath they nobly kept throughout
 the whole campaign,
 Preserved the Union-bond already split
 in twain.

They saved the Nation's life,
 And conquered in the strife.
 To-day their bodies lie at rest
 Beneath the soil their blood has blest.
 Then deck each honored soldier's grave,
 Give him the season's choicest flowers.
 He caused the Nation's flag to wave,
 And crushed forever slavery's powers.
J. B. F.

THE ANNUAL COMPETITIVE DRILL.

THE annual competitive drill of the St. Joseph's College battalion closed the drill exercises for the scholastic year 1894-1895. The schedule for the competition was composed of the movements contained in the manual of arms, the bayonet exercises and nearly all the remaining movements embracing the school of the soldier. The drills were three in number and were conducted according to the rules laid down in the Catholic Knights' tactics. The captains of the three first companies commanded one of the drills each, and four of the more skilled officers were chosen as judges. The officers which are needed to fill vacancies that may occur during the coming year and all the officers required to form another company will be taken from among those making the highest grades in this drill.

The names with the grades merited of the first five are as follows:

L. W. Bach 99 1-2;
 J. Kohne 99 7-16;
 M. Lions 99;
 J. Engesser 98;
 J. Pfeifer 98;

The officers of the battalion all agree that this was one of the most successful years the battalion has as yet lived to witness.

Aid-de-camp Eberle.

OUR EUCHARISTIC UNION.

BESIDES the Marian Sodality canonically established at the College for all the students of every department and of which mention has been made already in a previous number of THE COLLEGIAN, the students of the classical course, or such as are aspiring to the holy priesthood, have formed a special society, known as the Eucharistic Union, for the encouragement of its members in their holy vocation, that they may therein approach nearer and nearer to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, cultivate a special love for the Sanctuary, and thus prepare themselves early, and steadily for their Heavenly calling.

To attain this end, all the members in a body approach the Sacraments semi-monthly, make frequent visits to Jesus in the tabernacle, and serve at the altar, while an instruction or exhortation is given by one of the Rev. Fathers in the house for the same purpose at every meeting, or every two weeks.

It is fully in accordance with the spirit of the Council of Baltimore as also in compliance with the expressed desire of the Eucharistic Congress, lately convened at Notre Dame and which has already produced rich fruit, that the students have taken this step. It is also plainly apparent from every effort of our Rev. Faculty that they are aiming to make St. Joseph's College, for the students of the classical course, a preparatory seminary such as the Church desires.

JAMES BETZNER.

A LETTER.

My dear Friend,

Since our last correspondence nothing remarkable has been added to our clock-work exercises. They run on the same gearing, and as our daily routine was partly, if not wholly, described in my previous letter, you are anticipating an answer akin to the

last. I will, therefore, write a few words about our early risers in the College, showing you at the same time the benefits of early rising and the deplorable effects of sloth.

Since you are unacquainted with the names of these individuals, I shall mention the name of the chief leaders of the two factions existing in this line. You will recognize in the person of Mr. Antelucanus the prince of the early risers, and Mr. Turn-over the leader of the indolents. I am happy to state that the majority adhere to the former and but very few to the latter.

Before proceeding further you will certainly be anxious to know what I understand by an early riser? I call an early riser, not one who follows his own whim in rising in advance of the usual appointed time, but one who is the first or among the first to spring to his feet at the appointed time as the place or locality has it.

The partisans of Mr. Antelucanus are very solicitous for the welfare of their mental as well as physical development. They know that the industrious students must have relaxation and rest, without which life would soon end. It is for this reason they make good use of the time allotted for that purpose. But when the time for rising is given, they promptly respond to the call. They understand the necessity of early rising to inhale the freshness of the morning breeze, which preserves the rose of health on their cheeks. This breeze also brightens the intellect (the principle factor at College) and renews it for the day's exercises as a photographer renews his apparatus when he places a new plate into his camera to take negatives.

We have seen in our Philosophy that images of what we see are formed on the retina in an inverted position as in the case of negatives. This would partly explain why so many do the reverse of what they should do. But pardon me for deviating from my subject.

Apart from this, the mental and physical activities are quickened and the whole system is able to take up work with increased vim.

They also know that human life is a high and holy mission and that each soul bears the burden of a sacred trust, and that this trust can only be executed by doing the most within the range of their power. Finally they understand full well the proverb, "Early to bed an early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

In keeping this proverb constantly in view, whether science, business, or any state of life be their aim, they will hold on to a thread which will lead them through a labyrinth of the most busy life.

These students are, generally speaking, generous, charitable, kind, and amiable to all with whom they have intercourse. They promise to be a blessing to the world about them. In a word they give "unto Ceasar the things that are Ceasar's," and at the same time with greater homage render "unto God the things that are God's."

Mr. Turnover's adherents differ greatly from those above mentioned. "To bed, to bed, and enjoy the honey dew of slumber," is the cry of these sleeping-heads. When the sign for rising is given, they turn over on their ear and consult with themselves whether to rise or remain in their cozy couch. In this soliloquy sleep overtakes them and they renew their snoring while their neighbors are at work or prayer, provided the Reverend prefect does not discover them. Nothing is dearer to them than repose and they scorn the above mentioned proverb, "Early to bed etc." It is of minor importance to them to rise one hour later than their neighbors, yet they are desirous of a long life. They ignore that early rising not only gives a longer life, but enables us to enjoy more our existence in the same measure of time. The difference between rising at five and seven o'clock in the morning, for the space of forty years, supposing a man goes to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equivalent to the addition of ten years to a man's life.

Not only is their valuable time wasted by this evil habit, but their energies become

dull and impaired by the noxious gases of a crowded dormitory. Their bodies become languid, unfit for any exertions. The limbs ache and the whole system is in a state of lethargy, so that the earnest purpose of their lives is disregarded. Such as these may be ranged among the slothful. These especially are those who grumble about hard times, bad rules, the tyranny of superiors etc. All they desire is to enjoy themselves. Their mood, their hearts govern them and not reason. While they thus beguile their time, their imagination suggests thousand and one tricks, to which they or not slow in yielding to one or the other. It seems they do not appreciate the time and money employed for their own welfare. They trample under foot the hard earnings of a guardian, father or a careworn mother. It would be difficult to divine what part they will play when once launched out into the rugged sea of life.

If they would but read the lives of great men they would find that few ever lived to a great age and fewer still have ever become distinguished, who were not in the habit of early rising. Some slept impatiently with frequent startling and consultation of the watch lest the morning hours spent in bed be as so many hours cut out of life.

Franklin was wont to steal hours for study from sleep. John Adams also rose very early and said the days were too short for him. Napoleon and many more of the great men rose early. They felt as did Arnault, when he replied to the objection of Nicole, on a new work being proposed. "We are now old," said Nicole, "is it not time we should rest?" "Rest," exclaimed Arnault, "have we not all eternity to rest?"

I would allude to many more facts but as time and space does not allow me to detain you any longer I shall depend upon your good-nature to excuse my prolix description on the above subject and hope these lines will meet you in due time to hear from you once more before my departure.

Your friend

B. DIDIER.

BASE BALL.

The persistingly hot season towards the close of the school year not only killed all drilling by the military, but also paralysed the ball tossers. The leafy grove skirting the ball grounds proved detrimental to the diamond, as it afforded shelter and relief to indolent minds and sluggish bodies.

The final game between the pennant contestants, the Star Crescents and the Eagles, was a slugging match. At the beginning of the game it appeared as if the Star Crescents had the Eagles at their mercy and their sharp playing forboded ill for the Reds, but they soon succumbed to the strong, persevering playing of their doughty opponents. The following score tells the tale by innings:

Star Crescents	4 2 0 2 0 4 1 0 3—16
Eagles	0 0 6 6 1 0 4 1 X—18

The Eagles having won three out of five games, won the pennant. The Stars lost simply by their lack of energetic team work, the characteristic feature that made the Eagles invincible. This fact will serve as an object lesson for next year.

The Star Crescents, however, won three games out of five from the "Young Americans" of the Normal School at Collegeville. This team has some surprisingly clever players. In the last game June 9th, one of their fielders made a phenomenal catch of a long fly, throwing his left hand by a quick contortion back of his body and holding the ball.

The "Stripes," or the second nine from the northside, won a hotly contested game from the "Young Eagles," the second team from the southside by one score.

The "Wide-awakes," or the minims, played excellent ball during the entire season, winning every game, everyone being hotly contested. They had to play eleven innings to decide one game with the "Young Normals," but they never lost their enthusiasm.

We now subjoin the percentages of the members of the Star Crescent the base ball team

	Games played	Position	Batting	Fielding.
Mungovan	6	S. S.	579	803
Schenk	5	R. F.	413	432
Muinch	6	3rd B.	627	688

Reilly	6	L. F.	639	667
Franzer	6	2nd B.	500	721
Fitzpatrick	5	1st B.	275	836
Pfeifer	6	P.	725	836
Barnard	6	C. F.	630	792
Schloer	6	C.	595	688
Travis	1	Sub.	333	1000
Lyons	1	"	250	667
General Averages.			506	742

EXCHANGES.

We are happy to add to our list of exchanges the Abbey Student, published by the students of St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kansas. The June number, which arrived early in the month contains several essays of considerable merit especially "Domestic Life of Genius" which is a very good effort.

The Dial continues to uphold its high standard. The biography of John Boyle O'Reilly, concluded in the May number, is an excellent article and will no doubt be appreciated by those of his host of admirers all over the country, who are so fortunate as to meet with it.

The April number of the Signal, which reached us too late for mention in our last issue, speaks well for the institution from which it hails. The second number of a series entitled "Vincennes" furnishes some valuable information on the history of our state; "Ringlore" is also instructive and entertaining, while "Faith and Reason" shows much thought and sound logic.

St. Vincent's Journal presents a meritorious article on Traitors and their Fate, a paper dealing with all the famous examples in history. Glancing over the sporting column, we find that the Trilby craze has worked its way where, of all other places, we would have judged it least able to obtain a foothold—into a base-ball association. What next?

We are also in receipt of the following: the May number of the Young Eagle, the Viatorian, and the Mountaineer, and the May and June issues of the Dial and the St. Mary's Sentinel.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Frederic Schalk is now firmly established at the College as business manager of the Spiritual Benevolent Fraternity.

Rev. Father Bleckman of Michigan City paid the College a visit before leaving on his trip to Europe. We hope our esteemed friend the Rev. Jubilarian may recuperate his failing health and return hale and hearty with many happy reminiscences.

Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati surprised the Rev. Faculty on June 10th by an unexpected visit. His Grace was on his way to Notre Dame and made a short stop here at Rensselaer where he was joined by the Rector, Father Seifert, to attend the Golden Jubilee of our glorious neighboring University.

All the students as well as the entire faculty considered it a great honor to have the Bishop of the diocese present at the annual closing exercises. As soon as it was known on what train his Lordship would arrive, the band and military boys donned their uniforms and marched half way to the city to meet and escort him to the College, to show how they cherish their beloved Bishop.

Besides Bishop Rademacher, the following clergymen from abroad were present: Very Rev. Henry Drees, Provincial C. PP. S., Rev. Father Klein of Notre Dame, Rev. Father Koenig and Thomas Eisenring, C. PP. S. of Ft. Wayne, Rev. K. Schill C. PP. S. of the Theol. Seminary of Carthagen, O., Rev. R. Pratt of Lafayette, Rev. Fathers Walzer and Schirach of Sedalia, Mo., Rev. Fathers Kenk and Schunk, C. PP. S. from Ind., Rev. Father Schram of Renolds, and Mrs. E. P. Hammond and daughter Nina of Lafayette, Ind.

LOCALS.

'Rah for vacation!

It's all over now!

What sayest thou!

It's Sand-dusty.

Wonder what he's doing!

He said I look better this way.

Aide took the squirrel, but left the music box.

The students left in three divisions on different trains.

The big college pile is now partially mute. Everything looks dreary and forsaken.

But it must be quite different at home. Oh, the

chatting! Oh, the vapors! Oh, the racket! Oh, the music!

The annual catalogue for this year has already been distributed to the students. It is very interesting, nicely gotten up, and withal a marked improvement upon last year's catalogue. Seven fairengravings adorn its pages.

The rules of the military organization have been rewritten and revised by Major Cogan and adopted by the committee.

Bacon was taken by all the class of English Literature during the late Ember days, but the professor regretted that they had not taken more — of his lordship before coming to class.

During the hot season on Sunday evenings the College band gave open air concerts that resembled very much lawn-fetes, the little cap-lamps taking the place of Chinese lanterns.

The Rev. Prefect expressed his regret that by some mishap the name of Mr. Brinkman, surely one of the most deserving, failed to appear in the Roll of Honor published in the catalogue. We desire to compensate William in some measure for this mortification.

While pitching a game of base ball, Master John Michaelly had the misfortune to sprain his arm, so that he was obliged to place it in a sling. Popular little John has since gone home to Michigan City, Ind.,

The beautiful and fruitful devotion to St. Aloysius, patron of youth, was observed and kept by all the students, who received the Sacraments on the six consecutive Sundays preceding the feast and participated in appropriate prayers after Vespers in honor of the great Saint.

On the occasion of the tenth anniversary of their ordination to the priesthood, May 30th, Father John and Father Paulinus treated the boys to ice cream and lemonade. The students all gratefully pray and wish for many a happy return of the joyful anniversary.

By this time many a student will be missing the balmy prairie breezes of western Indiana that swept through the spacious dormitories during the sweltering summer nights and fanned and soothed distracted brains or carried them along to far off dreamy fairie land—where calf-detachments are not seen to fly.

During the latter part of May and the first part of June old Sol was holding sole and absolute sway over a clear sky discharging broadcast his sizzling rays, but he could not disperse the heavy clouds in the attic of the college building, nor prevent a cool, refreshing shower in the basement at opportune times in the bath tubs.

Mr. J. F. Cogan was called home to Glynnwood, O., two weeks before the close of school by the serious illness of his brother. We are glad to hear that his brother is now doing better. The absence of the Major was badly felt by all the students, but especially by the staff of the Collegian whose most able contributor he has always been. John, you missed it however when your name was called at the distribution of the prizes.

Two exquisite paintings in large size from the master brush of Father Paulinus now adorn the southside study-hall and attract the attention of the students C. PP. S. to their models in religion. The one represents the Ven. Jaspar del Buffalo, the founder of the Community, C. PP. S.; the other, the late Rev. Francis Brunner, who introduced the Congregation into America.

A delightful outing to the beautiful woods skirted by the winding Iroquois river one mile from the College was much enjoyed by all the students late in May. Some engaged in fishing, others indulged, in bathing, another group found their sport in shooting mark, while some of a more studious bent of mind sought delight in reading. The trip has since been often repeated.

The citizens of Rensselaer honored their noble dead in a worthy manner on Decoration day. The College Military band, the College battalion, and the pupils of the Normal School of Collegeville, swelled the procession considerably and added to the solemnity by their suits and uniforms. Student James Fitzpatrick read a memorial poem at the cemetery that received some flattering compliments. But we cannot approve of the paltry scheme employed, albeit for a charitable purpose, by which one speaker, by request we suppose, imposed upon the reverential audience in those hallowed grounds.

We are told that the government at Washington has peremptorily refused to appropriate any more money for the education of the poor Indians at the Normal School in Collegeville, Ind., thus verifying the report made to that effect some time ago by the papers. Whether the school will be upheld by the Catholic Indian Mission Bureau is not known to us. The necessity of discontinuing the school would be greatly deplorable in the present flourishing condition of the institution under its able principal Rev. Francis Schalk.

Pentecost Sunday was solemnly observed at the College. Father Benedict preached a magnificent sermon and the well trained voices of the choir rendered the Choral and Cecilian music with splendid effect. It must be mentioned here to the credit of the choir-master, Father Clement, as also to the members

hemselves, that the Responsoria, or the liturgical parts of the Mass, are never omitted at the celebration of the holy Sacrifice, nor the Antiphons at Vespers. The youthful minds are thus early acquainted with the liturgy and attuned to the music of the Church.

On St. Boniface day, June 5th, the "Fogies" of the southside challenged the "Cronies" of the opposite side to a game of base ball. Everybody became interested at once. The "Fogies" had their batting suits on of glaring yellow trousers and vests with sunflower buttons and duncecaps; the "Cronies" were evidently out for base running with their high rubber boots, overalls, and other fantastically grotesque outfit. The umpire with high beaver, swell-coat and a large winter scarf as a tie, gave his decisions in a ponderous German. Coaching was likewise done in the same unwieldy tongue. The pitchers of both sides were in good form and struck almost, every man that ventured to come to the plate. Uncle Dennis at first put up a magnificent game, miffing every ball but one, when he received tremendous applause. The editor of the Columbian played excellent ball at third, but showed a decided lack of practice. When "Goethe's Faust" came to bat he could not understand what grievance the pitcher had against the catcher for throwing at him so fiercely and he looked at the poor receiver with a look of deep sympathy every time the ball was thrown, until the umpire took him to the bench. Aide, the "blower" the "butcher" and "auctioneer," the and a host of others, covered themselves with "dirt" out in the field. Many other brilliant plays were made, but as everybody remained in a laughing fit, no score or record was made. As a matter of fact, however, the "Cronies" would have done considerably better but for the absence of their "crack" player from Ohio on the Lake Erie road near Lima. The game was called by the dinner bell, when both teams received — a coffee can!

On the evening of the same day the Scholastics C. PP. S. presented in the College Auditorium St. Willibrod, a religious drama of the 13th century, in seven acts. The play lasted about two hours, but it never became wearisome with its 31 different persons in the respective characters of count, knight squire, pilgrim, robber, peasant, innkeeper, servants, sexton, and etc. The cast of players was very strong and well chosen. As a matter of fact the scholastics seem to possess a special dramatic talent and never fail to delight the audience. Some of the stage settings, especially the first, were very picturesque. It can be safely said that everyone present enjoyed the entertainment highly. Some fellow in the audience seemed to have been very much tickled at Isigrim's metamorphosis.

ROLL OF HONOR FOR MAY AND JUNE.

Messrs. R. Mayer, B. Didier, L. Stahl, D. Schweitzer, A. Seimetz, B. Baunach, J. Cogan, J. Betzner, J. Fitzpatrick, T. Conroy, J. Abel, C. Daniel, N. Greiwe, B. Besinger, L. Eberle, J. Connelly, E. Mungovan, W. Sullivan, E. Vogel, I. Zircher, T. Reitz, A. Missler, L. Baker, V. Scharf, S. Kuhn-muench, E. Walter, G. Heimburger, G. Hartjans, A. Weyman, F. Muinch, F. Kuenle, F. Seroczynki, T. Travis, E. Ley, W. Brinkman, E. Mug, J. Pfeifer, J. Kohne, J. Dickman, C. Frenzer, W. Hordeman, C. Didier, V. Jonas, J. Dwenger, J. Michaely.

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